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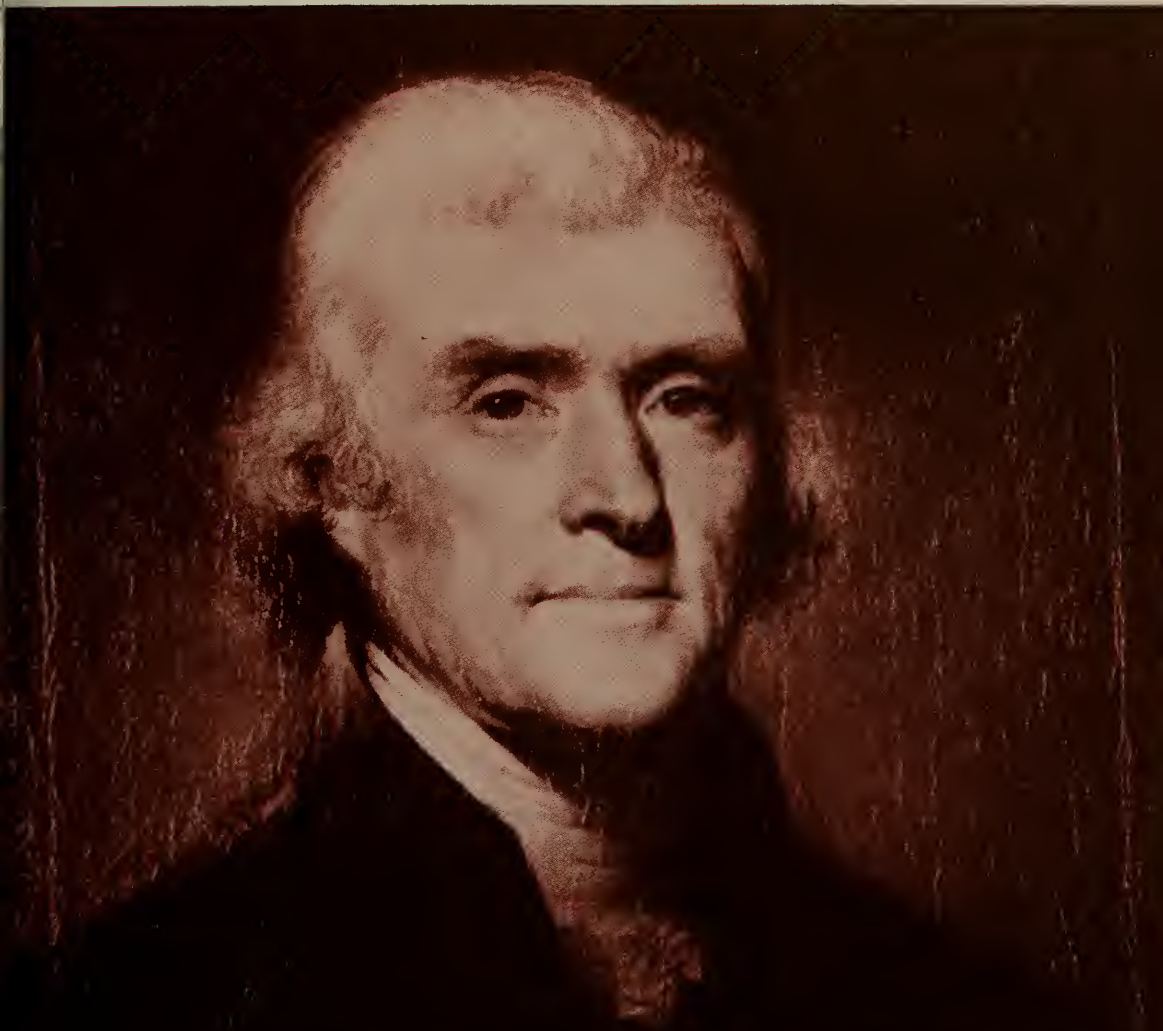
LINK

July 1972

SPRINGBOARD TO HOPE!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, WAVE'S

WE HAVE THIS HERITAGE



Presidential Rivals Make Peace,
p. 5





THE LINK



A MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

VOL. 30

JULY 1972

NO. 7

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COVERS

Front: "We hold these truths to be self-evident . . ." The Rembrandt-Peale portrait of Thomas Jefferson; Official Photograph, The White House, Washington, D.C.

Back: "I lift my lamp beside the golden door!" From the inscription on the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty. Photo by Louis C. Williams.

Inside Front: "Hold me tight, Daddy!" Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Back: Concentration. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

ART WORK: Illustrations by James Talone.

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

In an Election year rivalries sharpen, tensions mount, tempers flare, and long-time friends scarcely speak to one another. Old friendships can be soured, and residual bitternesses leave deep and lasting scars — to the detriment, if the individuals are in high positions, of everyone's future. It is heartening, therefore, to discover how John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, opponents in America's first real (and rough) Presidential campaign, came to a **GREAT RECONCILIATION** to the lasting benefit of the entire country With statesmen in short supply there is urgent reason to revere the quality itself so that we may cultivate, recognize, and promote it. **THE MARSHALL PLAN: SPRINGBOARD TO HOPE** honors a rare soldier-statesman and reminds us where true greatness lies Our lady-sailors, the **WAVES**, have just passed their thirtieth birthday, and, through Assistant Editor Irene Murray, **THE LINK** welcomes them to middle age. Happy Birthday! Carroll Starling, a Naval Academy Chaplain, puts our national inheritance in a new light in **WE HAVE THIS HERITAGE** Good reading to you!

—The Editor

S T A F F

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The Great Reconciliation

By Ruth Vickee Woods

For many years a tragic estrangement existed between two great Americans — John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. Then came their remarkable reconciliation. Because they were able to restore their warm friendship they themselves were blessed, and mankind benefited further from their knowledge, thought, and counsel.

John Adams of Massachusetts and Thomas Jefferson of Virginia first met during the Continental Congress of 1776. They became close friends and together fought for American freedom. On May 16, 1777, Jefferson wrote to Adams: "The esteem I have for you privately as well as for your public im-

portance will always render assurance of your health and happiness agreeable." Adams replied, "I shall always esteem it a Happiness to hear of your Welfare."

The years slipped by. In 1778 Adams traveled to France to aid in the defense of the Plan of Treaties. Later he was sent to England as minister plenipotentiary. In 1784 Jefferson journeyed to France to succeed the aging Benjamin Franklin as minister to that country. Visits and letters between England and France brought an opportunity for the men and their families to renew friendships. In 1788 Adams returned to America and the following year was elected Vice President

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This National Archives portrait of John Adams was printed by Mather Brown. Adams was both rival and friend of Jefferson.

of the new nation. Jefferson was recalled from France to become its Secretary of State.

During his residence in England John Adams had become impressed

with several aspects of the British monarchy and wanted to adapt some of its features into American government. Thomas Jefferson disapproved our having any type of constitutional

monarchy. Political differences brought about the initial coolness between the two men.

To explain and promote his and Alexander Hamilton's ideas about government, Adams wrote a series of essays entitled "Discourses on Davila." To refute the essays Thomas Paine wrote the "Rights of Man." When the first edition of Paine's book was loaned to Jefferson for approval, Jefferson wrote what he thought was a private note back to the printer. The note, in part, expressed pleasure that "something would at length be publicly said against the political heresies which have lately sprung up among us." Knowing that a recommendation from Jefferson would increase the book's sales, the printer included the note as a preface.

Greatly embarrassed, Jefferson dashed off an explanatory letter to President Washington in which he said, "I am afraid the indiscretion of a printer has compromised me with my friend, Mr. Adams Tho we differ, we differ as friends should do." Later he wrote a letter of apology to Adams who replied, "There is no office which I would not resign, rather than give just occasion to one friend to foresake me. Your motives for writing to me, I have not a doubt were the most pure and the most friendly." Still, the seed of dissension had been planted.

Political Antagonists

The year 1796 found the two men as political antagonists, battling for the Presidency of the United States. Federalist John Adams was elected,

while Democratic - Republican Thomas Jefferson was selected to serve as Vice President. In the ensuing term the struggle to maintain neutrality and to keep peace with England and France kept Adams busy, but his tactless and stormy speeches irritated the people. His enemies began to ridicule him in public.

One radical, Thomas Callendar, was arrested for his insulting pamphlet, "The Prophet Before Us." The man's arrest was possible because of the Sedition Act, a law endorsed by Adams and making anyone defaming government officials subject to fine and imprisonment.

In 1800 Adams lost the Presidency to Jefferson, and one of the latter's first decisions was to declare the Sedition Act contrary to the Constitution and the Bill of Rights which guaranteed full freedom of speech and press. In repealing the Act, Jefferson considered it his moral duty to free Callendar. Both John and his wife, Abigail, considered this as a personal affront. Then, through party maneuvers, Adams' son, John Quincy, was removed from his position as commissioner in cases of bankruptcy. The letters of friendship between the two men immediately ceased.

In 1804 Maria, Jefferson's younger daughter, died. Remembering the love she had always held toward the girl, Abigail wrote a letter of sympathy to Jefferson but signed her letter as the "one who once took pleasure in subscribing Herself your Friend." Jefferson was

ready for a reconciliation and in his reply to Abigail endeavored to explain his Presidential actions.

But the New England woman refused to bend. "Sir," she wrote, "the pardon of Callendar severed the bonds of former Friendship and places you in a light very different from what I once viewed you in." After more sincere attempts by Jefferson to renew the friendship Abigail replied, "Time Sir must determine, and posterity will judge with more candour and impartiality, I hope, than the conflicting parties of our day . . . I will not, Sir, any further intrude upon your time, but close this correspondence."

As the years of this estrangement continued, one man, a mutual friend, realized the beneficence lost to both men and bothered himself with an effort to mediate between them. Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia had known Jefferson and Adams since the days of the Continental Congress. The enmity of his friends was slowly breaking his heart. He had to do something!

Overtures by a Friend

In a letter to Adams in 1809 Rush imagined a dream in which the friendship of Adams and Jefferson had been restored. He then entreated Adams to heal the breach, especially since one never knew when he might be entering the next world and since God would want him to be reconciled with all his fellowmen. But the overtures to peace were not yet to bear fruit.

Then, in 1811, Jefferson wrote to Dr. Rush and in his letter spoke of

Adams: "Two of my neighbors and friends took a tour to the northward during the summer. In Boston they fell into company with Mr. Adams, and by his invitation passed a day with him at Braintree. . . . Among other topics, he adverted to the unprincipled licentiousness of the press against myself, adding, 'I always loved Jefferson, and still love him.' This is enough for me. I only needed this knowledge to revive towards him all the affections of the most cordial moments of our lives. . . . I wish, therefore, but for an . . . occasion to express to Mr. Adams my unchanged affections for him."

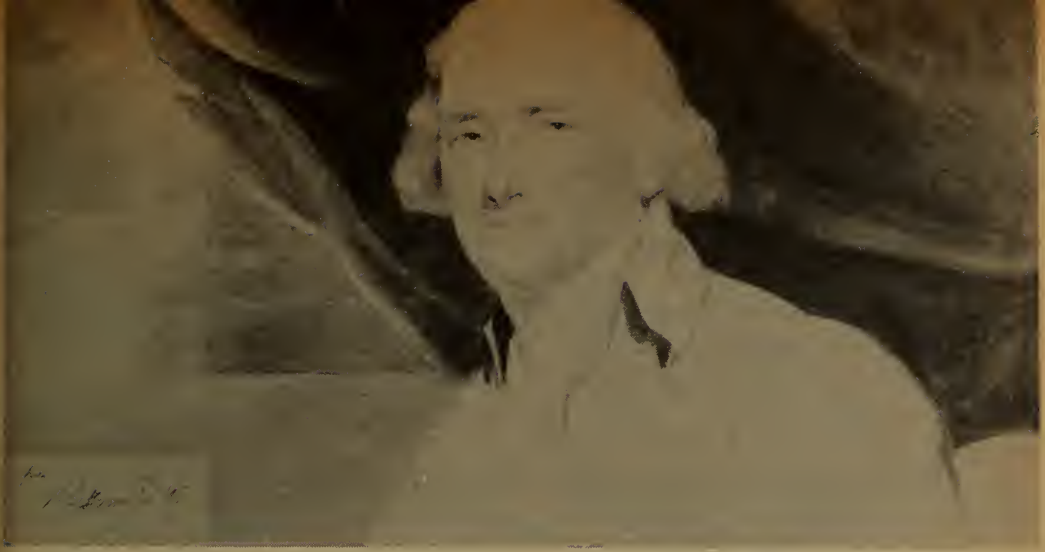
Dr. Rush immediately took up his pen and wrote to Adams, requesting him to "bedew your letters of reconciliation with tears of affection and joy."

In his reply John Adams wrote, "What point would there be in Jefferson and myself writing to each other?" Yet, later on in the same letter he implied that Rush would not have to wait much longer for his wishes to be fulfilled. Perhaps the years of private life had mellowed John Adams.

How to Begin a New Year

On New Year's Day, 1812, John Adams wrote to Jefferson saying that he was sending "by the post a packet containing two pieces of homespun lately produced in this quarter by one who was honoured in his youth with some attention, and much of your kindness."

Jefferson replied that he was eagerly awaiting deliverance of the gift. He also wrote that "a letter



This unfinished water color of Jefferson dates from about 1797 and was done by Robert Field (1769-1819).

from you calls up recollections dear to my mind . . . we knew not how, we rode through the storm with heart and hand, and made a happy port . . . no circumstances . . . have suspended for one moment my sincere esteem for you; and I now salute you with unchanged affection and respect."

Upon arrival of the package Jefferson smiled to discover that the "homespun" was a book containing the lectures delivered by John Quincy Adams while at Harvard.

The great reconciliation had been accomplished! Dr. Rush — and God — breathed sighs of relief! Not only did the peace bring happiness to both men in their correspondence with one another for the remainder of their lives, but their letters became a legacy for America. Also, Dr. Rush had negotiated the reunion in the nick of time. He died the following year.

With their minds as active as

ever, the two statesmen exchanged opinions on religion, politics, philosophy, national, and international affairs. They even discussed the origin of the aborigines.

Both men meditated deeply about God and life hereafter. Adams was fond of perusing the writings of ancient philosophers and poets and contemplating the thoughts of ancient theologians such as Erasmus, Vives, and Canus. He also studied the essays of his deceased English friend, Dr. Joseph Priestly, a decidedly unorthodox clergyman. Adams believed there was a better life of some sort after death. "Had God, for the purpose of His own glory, brought into existence millions of human beings with the intention of letting them be wretched and miserable forever?"

Jefferson's Religion

Although condemned by many for his nonattendance at church, and

even considered an infidel by some, Jefferson was an implicit believer in the teachings of Jesus. He refused to belong to any particular church denomination because he saw what he believed to be errors in the church beliefs. His religion, as he told Adams, "is known to my God and myself alone. Its evidence before the world is to be sought in my life. If that has been honest and dutiful to society, the religion which has regulated it cannot be a bad one." His theory on the teachings of Christ was so strong that he extracted what he believed to be the best of the New Testament and had it printed as a booklet entitled *The Philosophy of Jesus of Nazareth*.

The two friends did not always agree on religious dogma. Although unable to define it clearly, Adams believed there was a distinction between matter and spirit. On the other hand, Jefferson was convinced that matter was an element of spirit, even as spirit diffused itself through matter.

Life itself was a subject for discussion. Was life worth living and reliving? Although Jefferson admitted that not all his hopes had been fulfilled, "I steer my bark with

Hope in the lead, leaving Fear astern."

In a letter to Adams in 1823, Jefferson doubted that God let the world be governed solely by natural laws. "The Fabricator of all things from matter and motion is also their Preserver and Regulator while permitted to exist. We see, too, evident proofs of the necessity of a superintending power, to maintain the universe in its course and order . . . were there no restoring power, all existences might extinguish successively, one by one, until all should be reduced to a shapeless chaos."

Then there were the questions about religion which neither could answer but to which Adams said, "We shall meet hereafter and laugh at all our present botherations."

Exactly fifty years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, on July 4, 1826, both Thomas Jefferson and John Adams died within hours of one another. Correspondence by mail was no longer necessary. Although many questions were now answered, they could discuss philosophy and mankind until the end of time. Reconciled with man on earth they now experienced their great reconciliation with God.

Discussion Helps

Biblical Material: Matt. 5:21-26; Luke 23:6-12

1. Can you cite other instances in which the course of history was altered by the estrangement of two friends? Have you ever experienced such an estrangement/reconciliation? what was it like? Was a third party involved? Have you mediated a dispute?
2. If there is to be a reconciliation, what conditions must obtain?
3. Why is the healing of a feud so important to others?
4. How can we learn both to forgive and to accept forgiveness?
5. How can rivalry be kept "friendly"?

Was this America's finest hour?

The Marshall Plan:

Springboard to Hope!

By Kelvin Wallace Coventry

EUROPE was a shambles in 1947. Rubble from the war still lay in heaps where factories had once pulsed out industrial wealth. Bridges, dams, roads still lay smashed and useless.

Housing was makeshift — bombed out. Entire families were barely surviving in bomb craters, in the shells of former homes, or in shattered factories. The grim specter of starvation gnawed at the vitals of a continent.

That's when U. S. Secretary of State George Catlett Marshall stepped forward at Harvard with his world-shaking message of hope: his plan to spark Europe's recovery. His suggestion became a compassionate call for action.

"Our policy is not directed against any country or doctrine but against

hunger, poverty, desperation, and chaos," Marshall outlined his springboard to hope.

Six years later, George Marshall was to receive the Nobel Peace Prize for his humanitarian idea. It was dubbed the "Marshall Plan" in his honor. No brighter accomplishment has ever been achieved by the American people.

What kind of a person was George Marshall?

At the age of seventeen he arrived at the campus of the Virginia Military Institute with a prophetic letter written by his father advising the school's elders, "I send you my youngest and last. He is bright, full of life, and I believe he will get along very well."

He graduated from VMI, and as a young Army lieutenant serving in

Manila, he showed his potential for greatness.

During field games the commanding officer became ill, and Marshall was hastily called upon to issue orders for the defense of the city. A general called it the finest plan he had ever seen. "Keep your eye on George Marshall," he advised.

Despite Marshall's brilliant record as a staff officer under General Pershing in World War I, it took him eighteen years just to reach the rank of Captain. He did not become a brigadier general until he was fifty-six years of age.

In 1939, on the day Hitler blitzkrieged into Poland, Marshall was sworn in as Army Chief of Staff and became a four-star general. He commanded ten million soldiers during World War II.

WITH tyranny defeated, Marshall looked at his own country in comparison with war-ravaged Europe. Our nation was unscathed by the military bludgeon of armies in search of conquest. We were on our feet. Our future was bright.

"We are the only nation in the world at this time capable of giving Europe the spark it needs," Marshall pointed out. "We *must* help. Our God, and our aspirations for the future, demand that we make this sacrifice."

What sacrifice? It meant an investment of billions in food, machinery, tools, and know-how. We opened our hearts and purse strings. We knelt in the mud and lifted up a brother in need.

What a task lay ahead! It takes

more than money and goods to breathe new life into nations which have been ground under the tyrant's heel. It takes spirit and the revival of hope.

Marshall put U. S. industrialist Paul Hoffman in charge of implementing his plan. Hoffman saw at once that food was the first priority. A "bridge" of ships spanned the Atlantic to replenish the European larder.

Hoffman also saw that no economic plan could get underway until the rubble piles that marked the sites of prewar factories were replaced by plants which could turn out basic materials and provide jobs for idle factory hands.

George Marshall laid it on the line. His tall figure conveyed intensity. He spread a sense of authority and urgency. He knew America could go only so far when he said, "... the initiative, I think, must come from Europe."

The following statement was printed in the *New York Herald Tribune* some years ago: "If we moderns need proof of the indomitableness of the human spirit, we have only to look to the Dutch city of Rotterdam. For no other city is recovering so beautifully from the ravages of war."

On May 14, 1940, Rotterdam was turned, within forty fateful minutes, from a complete and bustling city into a city of flames. The Nazi Luftwaffe rained incendiary bombs from the sky. In an area of six hundred forty-two acres, eleven thousand buildings were destroyed.

One of every six Rotterdammers



A highlight of General Marshall's career was his appointment as President of the American Red Cross. Here President Harry S. Truman congratulates Mr. Marshall on October 3, 1949. Looking on is Basil O'Connor (Right) who held the post for five years. Mr. O'Connor died in March, 1972.

was homeless! They didn't quit. Even during the Nazi occupation they planned and worked to build a better city. They didn't wait for the end of the war to begin reconstruction.

Then came another serious blow to the Dutch plans for revival. In 1944, over 7,500 yards — over one-third of the total length of the dock-side for ocean-going vessels — was blown up by retreating German troops. Forty percent of the port's

equipment was wiped out. The once proud harbor presented a desolate sight to visitors in 1945.

THE DUTCH didn't quit! Men, women, and children pitched in, bolstered by Marshall Plan funds, to create a new, bustling harbor that now ranks as one of the top five ports in the world. It can now berth and handle over two hundred ships at one time.

All over Europe it was the same.



Four of the top implementers of the Plan for European Recovery following World War II were (l-r), William Foster, Paul Hoffman, General George C. Marshall, who was Secretary of State, and Harold Stassen. General Marshall won the Nobel Prize for Peace for his generous and far-seeing proposal.

The downtrodden were casting aside self-pity. England, France, Italy, The Netherlands, Belgium, Greece, Norway and Denmark — needed everything in mountainous quantities. We supplied their needs.

We didn't stop with aid to our Allies. In the last days of World War II Germany had been smashed to her knees. The people were still dazed, hungry, and defeated.

"Why should the United States help?" the Germans wondered. "Not long ago we were locked in deadly combat. Our storm troopers destroyed half the world."

"We are no longer at war," the U. S. answered. "We know your need. We must all work together to rebuild a war-ravaged world into an arsenal for peace."

West Germany pulsed with a new



On Oct. 24, 1967, a new room of the George C. Marshall Research Library dealing explicitly with the Marshall Plan was dedicated. Shown above is a mural which dominates the room. Depicting General Marshall's contributions in war and in peace, the 26 by 10 foot mural was given to the Library by the National Academy of Design and was executed by Mr. Henrik M. Mayer of Conn. The Library is in Lexington, Va.

democratic spirit. Its citizens rebuilt their mammoth steel mills. Even small children helped to remove the stains of war by forming human chains to carry away mountains of rubble.

Progress was slow at first. There was so much to do. We sent an army of technicians. President Harry Truman called them "Our technical

missionaries. We need more of them," he said, "because there is nothing that shows more clearly what we stand for. . . ."

New machines of all types poured into Europe. There were growling bulldozers to push away the rubble of past decay. New tractors by the hundreds ranged across the tortured countrysides to turn the soil and



The faces of these Greek workmen tell the story of the Marshall Plan's hope. Their tools are no match for the blade of this new earth-boring truck. Many such trucks helped restore Greece's communications system which the Nazis destroyed during the War.

plant the crops that made Europeans self-sufficient once more.

America took timber, copper, rubber, stone, flour, meats, vegetables, and fruits to people in dire need. Soon the panting breath of industry rose in smoke out of factory chimneys. The red-hot metal which poured from the furnaces was like lifeblood.

In the shadow of factories, new

homes were built. New sky-high office buildings and stores speared into the sky from the ashes of the old. Concrete was shaped into new highways, dams, and bridges. Railroad systems relinked hamlet and city. New automobiles, nicknamed "Marshall Plan Babies," scooted from assembly lines.

Many of our people went overseas just to show native populations

how to cook and prepare some of the strange U. S. foods. Over five billion dollars' worth of our food-stuffs went into hungry European mouths. Thousands of lives were saved.

All over Europe a new spirit of hope and pride could be felt. Shattered schools were rebuilt and the joyous voices of children chased away the black clouds of despair.

EUROPE today is a prosperous, booming continent because of the Marshall Plan. In many international cities this recovery plan of hope will be remembered with praise and ceremony during this its twenty-fifth anniversary year.

Guided by the George Marshall Research Library in Lexington, Virginia, specialists are now preparing many exhibits to show what past generations of Americans have done to help those in dire need. Americans agree that the principles of the Marshall Plan — self-help and mutual aid — are still needed to solve the world's problems.

As a Marshall Library spokesman points out, "Behind the various observances lies the basic objective of bringing the plan to the attention of

members of a younger generation who have little real knowledge of the tremendous effect it had on their lives and well-being."

Of special interest in the library is the Marshall Plan Room with its 10-by-26 foot mural depicting the career of General George Marshall as both soldier and statesman.

The mural is painted on a single piece of imported Belgian linen. The artist, Henrik Martin Mayer, completed the work over a period of eighteen months. A large portion of the mural is devoted to Marshall's part in bringing about the reconstruction of Europe.

Paul Hoffman once said of Marshall, "He deserves something more than gratitude. He deserves, I think, that we remember the kind of man he was, how he saw the world, and what he did about it — and try to pattern some part of our lives, our thinking, and our actions along no less constructive lines."

George Catlett Marshall is indeed a man whom the entire free world will always remember. It was his plan, backed up by the American people, which gave millions in dire need a new springboard to hope. ■ ■

VACATIONS

Vacations are necessary for keeping fit, and repeated short vacations are better than long ones. Rest during a vacation is not the essential thing at all — what is vital is the change in normal routine. But do what you really like, not what other people like. If you like primitive living in a fishing camp or in a mountain wilderness, don't hesitate. If you prefer a good hotel and a congenial atmosphere, you should choose just that.

—Dr. W. Schweisheimer

"A time to settle the old and start the new"

A Heart on a Ragged Sleeve

By Wilma Bednarz

BARBIE Harris felt the Indian sand grit against her teeth. She was going through one of those dream-walking sensations which she referred to as a transplantation phenomena.

Back in the States, the dream-born sensation had often hit her when she found herself marching beside Gary, shouting at a policeman, or sitting on the floor of the dean's office demanding freedom for the students.

The unreality of this afternoon still hung over her. She was haunted by the faces of the refugees. The government had set up a camp for them thirty miles north of the village of Chandapur where she was stationed. Dr. Ben Reed had been asked to help dispense cholera shots to the hungry, frightened, despair-

ing mass of persons at the camp. He had asked her to help.

Barbie jerked the wheel, swerving to prevent hitting a mangy camel grazing alongside the road.

Ben Reed, who had been dozing since he turned the steering wheel over to Barbie, braced his feet against the floorboard.

"You almost left me behind on that last turn," he said, brushing back the long brown hair that had escaped from under the handkerchief tied around his forehead. A slight bump across the bridge of his nose was the only irregularity of his thin face. He wore a faded black sweat shirt, the sleeves of which had been patched.

"Sorry about that. I can't imagine why I was in such a hurry to get away from that place and back to



the village," Barbie snapped. She was tired and hot, and felt as though there would not be enough water in all India to wash herself clean again.

"I know why you're in a hurry to get back. The mail should have come through today, and you haven't heard from your stateside man in weeks," Ben said.

"Months is more like it," Barbie admitted. Gary's scattered and tardy letters had never been this far apart before. Maybe talking about it would help, but she wouldn't mention her former roommate's last daisy-bordered letter. She had hinted that Gary was more interested in her now. She was helping him these days, the letter had said.

He had been on a tour of the colleges again, setting up the students for next year.

"He's probably busy shaking up the colleges again," Ben said. She caught the sarcasm in his voice. "Did you ever consider that you might not be . . ."

Barbie did not want to argue now. Better that he had dropped whatever he was going to say.

They were leaving the hills now. It should not take them long to reach Chandapur.

"Stop the jeep," Ben said suddenly. He pointed at the sky. It was as though the sun had reached with one long finger to caress a cloud hanging over the mountain behind

them. Then the sudden darkness of India.

Overcome by both emotion and weariness, Barbie leaned against Ben's shoulder. It was all the encouragement he needed to put his arm around her.

"I've told you so many times how I feel about you," he murmured. His lips felt dry against her cheek.

His hard body, his tenderness, his strength — for a moment she yielded to the sweetness. Then reason returned. She pushed him away. The only rational explanation she had was that she missed Gary so very much.

"Don't shove. I get the message," Ben muttered. His voice sounded hurt. There was nothing for her to say.

She started the motor and turned on the headlights. The feeling of guilt lingered with her. Ben had never hidden his feelings for her.

They reached the road leading into the village. The night was bright. The small mango grove was bathed in moonlight. Around the bend was the temple with the figure of the many-armed Krishna standing outside the door.

They stopped at Ben's clinic for the mail. Nothing from Gary.

Ben's spare sweat shirt on the line seemed to hold out its elbow length sleeves in an "I-told-you-so" fashion.

They drove on past the rice paddy where the Indian sun had baked dry the water-covered field. Her sandstone bungalow stood out alone against the sky. The house still held the afternoon's unbearable heat.

SHE SLUMPED into a chair on the porch. Of course keeping up with Gary had been as physically tiring as helping Ben. But in helping Ben and in teaching, she could see the evidence of her work.

When she had first told Gary of her need for tangible results, he had laughed. "You're not changing the system then," he said. "Only reaching for a few."

Both he and Ben were highly motivated. Why did she keep comparing them, she wondered? Did anyone really ever understand another person?

"It's hard for me to understand what goes on under that wig of yours sometimes," Gary had said to her the time she suggested that he, too, join the Peace Corps.

Her rejection of Ben's lovemaking earlier had evidently been put from his mind. She smelled the coffee perking that he had started. It had become customary for them to eat their evening meal together. Reluctantly she went into the house.

"How about chicken tonight?" Ben was sorting through the supply of canned goods that they had pooled from their last trip to New Delhi for supplies. He smiled at her suddenly.

Boldly bent on righting the world, Gary had few moments for smiles. But she was comparing them again. Ben was much less complicated. His simplicity was probably the reason the villagers had accepted him with such trust. His dress was an example of it. The way he constantly alternated between two ragged sweat shirts.



Barbie patted out some wheat *chappatis* and dropped them into the hot skillet the way she had learned from the native women. She scooped most of the chicken on to Ben's plate. Ben ate hurriedly.

"You're not eating. Are you still brooding over Gary?" Ben asked. "That guy must have a short memory if he can't remember what a doll you are."

"That's not true, Ben. It's just that Gary has so much on his mind."

"Yeah — like disturbing the peace," Ben said bluntly.

"I feel like I had deserted Gary. It is all my fault."

"No!" Ben's voice clipped his words. "Somewhere, somewhere in the back of your mind, you must

realize that you would not have come halfway around the world to teach if you really thought that you and Gary belonged together."

"We both feel that we must serve humanity," Barbie realized that she had used one of Gary's favorite phrases. "It's just that our approach is different."

"Serve humanity! What is Gary doing beside upsetting everyone and getting his name in the papers every time there is a student riot? No, you're not facing reality!"

Barbie was too tired to go on with the argument and Ben must have realized this.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'll shut up." He took her hand. "Look, I really hope you hear from him soon. I've

got to go now. I told a couple of the villagers to stop at the clinic this evening. See you tomorrow."

The only sound Barbie heard in the bungalow was the ping of Ben's engine as he drove toward the clinic.

ON DAYS that the mail came through, Barbie shuffled swiftly through her letters. None came from Gary. She continued to help Ben after her classes were over, sometimes at the refugee camp, other times at the clinic or nearby villages.

Her class of small boys, usually so well-disciplined, grew more excited each day over the coming of a holiday.

"*Divali*," Ben had explained. "Something like our Christmas and New Year rolled into one."

One morning, Chotu Singh, one of her pupils spoke up. His ten-year-old face was solemn with importance. "My father, Lal Singh, invites you to our home for the festival. We will have sweets and gifts."

Barbie accepted. She noticed that instead of his usual white shirt, Chotu wore a striped broadcloth shirt.

"My mother made this shirt from one of the shirts that Dr. Ben gave me. She made another. I will wear it for *Divali*."

A clamor arose from the boys. Each, in turn, announced that he, too, had a new shirt for *Divali* made from one of Dr. Ben's. This explained the perpetual sweat shirt on Ben's line.

Divali arrived. The sun was a tangarine match for the *sari* that

Barbie had selected for the occasion. Ben wore the white sweat shirt with the cut-off arms. He whistled and pretended to stagger backward at the sight of her. She loved it.

Lal Singh led them into the small house decorated with flowers. A picture of Lakshmi, the four-armed goddess of plenty, was wreathed in plump marigolds. Vegetables bordered by rows of small candles were also laid across the table.

"It is a time to settle the old and start the new," Lal Singh explained.

Chotu's eyes became larger and larger as Lal Singh lit the candles. Finally, he came forward carrying the notebook that Barbie had given him.

"May Lakshmi allow me to fill my head and this book with learning so that I might help the people of my country," he said soberly.

Touched by his sincerity, Barbie looked to Ben for some sort of help to hide her emotions. A tear stood brazenly against his nose.

She and Ben drove home in lapses of silence. She felt a strange serenity as she lay awake that night thinking of the festival. The Lal Singh family did not mourn the past, the dried rice paddy, the smallness of their hut or the everyday hardships. The past no longer existed. Lal Singh's words came back: "a time to settle the old and start the new." Only the future matters.

The next morning as Barbie struggled with the stove, she heard the uneven grumble of the jeep approaching. There must have been an early mail arrival to bring Ben

(Continued on page 31)

Four-Way Love

By Shirley M. Dever

FOUR-WAY love is like a four-way light. The floor lamp I use for light when I type manuscripts or read provides four-way light. The three lights which form a circle below a floodlight contain 60-watt bulbs but the big light above is capable of producing from 100 to 300 watts. When all four lights combine to give me light, my eyes are seldom tired, even after a lengthy session at the typewriter or an evening of reading. One 60-watt light bulb alone will barely give my little office a dimly-lit atmosphere, yet coupled with the big bulb, the room is flooded with light. So it is with four-way love.

There is an old saying that "the

Greeks had a word for it." For "love," the Greeks had not one word but four! They defined love carefully, from every angle — *éros*, *storgé*, *philía*, and *agápe*.

Physical or Romantic Love

The Greek word for romantic or physical love (love between members of the opposite sex) is *éros*. In the Bible the love stories of Adam and Eve, Isaac and Rebekah, and Jacob and Rachel depicted this kind of love. Yet throughout the Bible one truth is clearly conveyed: in order to bring happiness, romantic love must be controlled. This is where *agápe*, the love based on principle, enters the picture.

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Paul gave the Corinthians the secret of love when he explored its many facets. "Love is patient; love is kind and envies no one. Love is never boastful, nor conceited, nor rude; never selfish, not quick to take offence. Love keeps no score of wrongs; does not gloat over other men's sins, but delights in the truth. There is nothing love cannot face; there is no limit to its faith, its hope, and its endurance" (1 Corinthians 13:4-7 NEB).

When *éros* and *agápe* are combined, love between a man and a woman is based on mutual respect. Then each partner is able to put the other's interest ahead of his own. By studying past history, we learn that an over-emphasis on sexual love has always led to degradation. Romantic love blended with principled love is the kind of love Henry Drummond eulogized in his book "the greatest thing in the world."

Family Love

United we stand, divided we fall. How well this truth applies to the American family! Every moment spent within the four walls of a house of love is genuine pleasure. But today the love-filled household has almost become a rarity. Families don't spend enough time together. They eat on the run, indulge in separate hobbies and recreation, and laugh at the term, "togetherness." For some members, home is merely a place to hang one's hat before turning in for the night. Present-day pressure and stress are too great a test for natural love alone. Yet when *storgé* and *agápe* love are

combined, families become united where previously they were divided.

When someone says, "See how those Christians love one another!" about a certain family, they are expressing the ultimate in *storgé* (family) love. In an article entitled, "Can the Family Survive the 20th Century?" the author writes: "Members of a Christian family should be distinguished for the depth, warmth, sincerity and loyalty of their mutual devotion . . . but alas, they tend to be as quarrelsome, petty, materialistic and selfish at their worst as other people, and at best their loveliness and lovingness are not specifically Christian: 'Do not even pagans love those who are good to them?'"

Parental love (*storgé*), backed up by principled love (*agápe*), is strong enough to fight the temptation to cater to the whims of a child. Instead parents give a child the discipline he deserves and wants. Genuine love disciplines; possessive love ("smother love") spoils. Why? Because in reality the latter stems from love of self. Many parents literally buy their children's love by purchasing flashy cars and frivolous clothes for them instead of giving them their time and interest, which is all the kids really want from parents.

Friendship

The love of one friend for another exemplifies friendship love which the Greeks called *phília*. Certainly friends are one of the fringe benefits of life. Let's face it. Life would be pretty dull without them. The

cultivation of friends is an art. How good it is to choose for friends persons who have something meaningful to say to you and to whom you have something worthwhile to offer.

What are some of the things which lead to satisfying friendships? Finding in another person the qualities you most admire and respect is one. Being able to share with another person over a long period of time both joyful and sorrowful experiences is another. Yet, the secret of making and keeping friends lies in the combining of two types of love — *philia* and *agápe*. Friendly affection minus the principled kind of love makes for acquaintanceships rather than friendships. Too often the former are founded on flattery rather than sincerity.

Once I liked a popular song which began with these words: "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." In the same way, *agápe* love rushes in where *philia* love is afraid to venture. This is why it is possible to love someone you don't like! It is relatively easy to love a fiancé or marriage partner, a member of one's family, or a close friend. But in order to love a stranger or even an enemy, we need to rely upon *agápe* love. This is because *agápe* love is based not on sentimental emotions but on principle.

The Chinese have a proverb which might be considered the common denominator of principled love. "Within the four seas all men are brothers." *Agápe* love is big enough to embrace all mankind. This is the love that is referred to in the Bible over and over again.

One famous man who is on my top ten list of great men is the late Walt Disney. Surely he was a shining example of principled love. What a contribution he made to mankind when he created one of the greatest shows on earth — Disneyland!

Two Exemplars of Agape

Here's how his brother, Roy, referred to Disneyland and Walt's reaction to his own completed creation. "Disneyland did open, in July 1955. Since that first day, millions of people, including eight kings and eight Presidents, have flocked to see the unique creation of Walt's imagination. Like a kid with a new toy — the biggest, shiniest toy in the world — Walt used to wander through the park, gawking as happily as any tourist."

Instead of living pretentiously and selfishly with the proceeds of Disneyland and the other ingenious spectacles born of his imagination, this man lived simply, pouring money back into his many enterprises. ". . . he hated parties, and his idea of a night out was a hamburger and chili at some little restaurant," Roy once said. In his own words, when asked what he did with all his money, Walt confessed: "I fertilize that field with it," as he pointed to the studio where his dreams became realities. Most assuredly, Walt Disney's life mirrored *agápe* love.

A woman who serves as a shining example of *agápe* love is Gertrude Ramey. She has been a substitute mother to more than three thousand

children in the last twenty-five years. When the local sheriff calls at her children's home in Kentucky to discuss a problem with her, she usually asks: "How many?" and "How old are they?" Then she opens up the doors of her home — and her heart — to another homeless child — or children. Just think of the joy one judge must have brought her when he said: "I'd rather turn a child over to Gertrude Ramey than to anyone else in the state."

Would you believe it? Gertrude Ramey offers a *free* service to the homeless children she takes in. An understanding brother furnishes his altruistic sister spending money. Her payment comes in the innumerable Mother's Day cards, gifts, and appreciative letters she receives from adults who were once Ramey charges. She happily admits, "I've got what I always wanted most — a big, busy family in which no one, including me, ever has to be lonely."

People who have learned the secret of *agápe* love have heart. Al-

truistic individuals who constantly forget self and think of others are this way not because they feel they should be but because they *want* to be. It's as simple as that. These persons find half-hearted attempts at do-gooding unsatisfying; whole-hearted interest in others is their cup of tea. Put another way, they give their all to loving others — mates, family, friends — all human beings.

I love the way the Bible explains it: "Everyone who loves is a child of God and knows God, but the unloving know nothing of God. For God is love; and his love was disclosed to us in this, that he sent his only Son into the world to bring us life . . . Though God has never been seen by any man, God himself dwells in us if we love one another; his love is brought to perfection within us" (1 John 4:8-12 NEB).

I'm convinced that *agápe* love is truly the greatest thing in the world. What can possibly surpass it?

Discussion Helps

Biblical Material: 1 Cor. 13; 1 John 4:7-12; Hosea 14:4

1. Have you discovered other contexts in which English "has no word for it"?
2. How does *agape* or "principled" love affect the other kinds of love described in this article?
3. Which of the loves described here would you attribute to God? Why?
4. How can one express *agape* for a person one doesn't like?

Our forefathers had the vision to set up a form of gov't — a constitution, a Bill of Rights — that gave us guidelines and an atmosphere that is extremely liberal. I don't mean "liberal" in the usual political sense: I mean the idealism that has given us room to grow. That's what I treasure most about being an American.—Pearl Buck

Chapel dedicated to a soldier killed in action during World War II

The Little Chapel at Big Sky

By Lillian Money

THE MOST spectacular view of Montana's Lone Mountain, where Chet Huntley's "Big Sky" resort community is being built, is not from any spot on the project grounds but from a small Soldier's Chapel built beside Montana State Route 191 at Gallatin Gateway.

Our discovery of the chapel was an unexpected dividend on a trip we made to Bozeman to see what our favorite newscaster was up to after his departure from the NBC program listings.

It was cold the morning we headed south from Bozeman toward the Gallatin River Gateway. Although it was only mid-September, there was a thin flurry of snow in the air. Bales of hay scattered through the fields wore white "tablecloths" pasted on their wind-

ward sides, and around the foot of every tree lay a lacy circle of white, like lingerie ready to be stepped out of. The sun came out now and then to engage in brief, valiant battles with heavy black clouds.

The Big Sky project office was a small neat building a stone's throw off the pavement. Two white mobile home units stood off to one side and beside them a road branched off into the foothills of Lone Mountain where the resort will be located. The mountain loomed in lonely splendor behind the project office, at the end of a long, peaceful valley.

Inside the office, secretary Yvonne Cutler gave us a warm welcome and a guided tour of the scale model of the project, which will be made up of two village clusters — a summer village on the lower slopes and



The Soldier's Chapel in its mountain setting at Big Sky, Montana.

a winter village high up in the snow country.

WE WERE interested primarily in the Big Sky project, and I hadn't expected to have my attention diverted to anything else on that particular morning, but several times I found myself looking out the project window at a strikingly beautiful chapel building a few yards farther down the road.

By the time we were ready to leave, the sun had won a temporary victory over the impending storm and, off across the valley, Lone Mountain's snowy crest had a background of brilliant blue sky. The wind was still bitterly cold, however, and so strong I had trouble keeping my camera upright on its

tripod. I found my heaviest coat and a head scarf quite inadequate against the chill. The sensible thing would have been to get into the car and turn the heater up full blast, but we couldn't have driven off without taking a closer look at that chapel even if a blizzard had been raging. This exquisite building, of heavy native stone and huge logs, would be arresting in any setting; to find it in almost solitary tenancy at the edge of a rugged wilderness area intensified its impact.

The chapel sits at the end of a long gravel driveway which expands into a circular parking area. Faced head-on, it is directly in line with Lone Mountain's majestic 1,000-foot peak; the antique copper steeple and the white mountaintop appear

to be two related spires reaching toward the same spot in the sky. The chapel building itself reflects the mountain's shape: its native stone walls are wide and massive at ground level, and taper inward as they rise to the sharply pitched roof. Identical wings extend at either side of the building, to give the traditional "cross" appearance.

Heavy double doors are flanked by recessed windows; above the doors, in a dark wood panel that contrasts with the lighter-colored stone, a five-foot rose window glows like a jewel. Designed by Sergeant Jack C. Gunter of the 163rd Infantry, and executed by Willets of Philadelphia, the window depicts the theme of the chapel — on a tropical beach, where palm trees lean out over the water, a dying soldier raises one arm to meet the downstretched hand of God.

IF THE outside of the chapel is impressive, the inside is breathtaking. The entrance doors open to reveal the altar at the opposite end, and above the altar a huge picture window provides a stunning view of Lone Mountain. A visitor invariably spends the first several minutes lost in contemplation of that view — by isolating the mountain peak from the surrounding scenery, the window seems to have moved it much closer. Every contour is sharpened and its majestic size appears even greater than when viewed from outside.

It is some little time before a visitor gets around to looking at the details of the chapel interior. To the

left of the doors, a baptismal font has been fashioned from an old prospector's gold pan. Beside the font a stand holds a guest book, the pages of which have been signed by visitors from all over the world. Above the picture window, the "Buffalo Skull" of the 163rd Infantry hangs; on either side of the altar, standards hold the American Flag, the Gold Star Flag, the Regimental Colors, and the Australian Colors. The altar itself is furnished simply, with a cross and candelabra silhouetted starkly against the window. The former Hammond organ, given by a former Bozeman general officer has recently been replaced by an Allen organ with a carillon, the gift of Mr. Don Anderson of the Lees Papers of Madison, Wisconsin, and his associates.

There are pews enough to hold a sizable group, and according to a chapel brochure, they are often occupied. From June to October there are regular Sunday services, with music and sermons volunteered by local churches. Babies are baptized at the unique font, wedding couples exchange their vows in front of the altar, and several graves bear witness, in a grassy plot beside the church, to the sadness of funeral services.

There is no official membership list — everyone "belongs." The necessary business matters are handled by a non-sectarian Board of Directors chosen from members of the Montana National Guard, the Gallatin Canyon Improvement Association, and representatives of some of the local churches. The chapel is



Cross and candelabra are shadowed on Big Sky through picture window.

supported entirely by voluntary contributions, and cared for by residents of Gallatin Canyon.

CLEARLY this is a "working" chapel, not just a pretty building intended for idle viewing. But why is it there at all? Who built it? A plaque answers the questions. It was built in memory of Lieutenant Nelson Story IV, killed in action August 6, 1944, in Afua, New Guinea, during the final stages of World War II. He was twenty-two years old, a member of the 163rd Infantry, 41st Division. (The location of his death explains the tropical motif of the rose window.)

The chapel building was designed and built by the Lieutenant's father, Nelson Story III, whose life-span

was somewhat longer. "1900-1965," his marker says. Direction and inspiration came from the Bible: a passage in Haggai 1:8, which commands, "Go up to the mountains and bring wood, and build the house; and I will take pleasure in it . . . saith the Lord." Mr. Story and his wife, Velma, took the command literally; work began early in 1955, and the chapel was dedicated in October of the same year.

It is a long way from the Gallatin River Gateway in Montana's Big Sky country, where Lieutenant Story grew up, to the tropical beach in New Guinea where his brief life ended, but in Soldier's Chapel, with its rose window showing tropical sands and palm trees and its altar window framing Lone Mountain,

the distance is diminished — a dozen footsteps separate the two.

Standing in the chapel, looking out across the valley at the soaring proportions of Lone Mountain, a visitor understands something of what Chet Huntley is trying to say when he talks about Big Sky; understands, too, what Nelson Story III wanted to say about Montana, and about New Guinea, and about young Lieutenant Nelson Story IV.



A HEART ON A RAGGED SLEEVE

(Continued from page 22)

this early. A letter from Gary?

A few days ago the significance of Ben's early visit would have caused her heart to race. Not today.

Slowly she started down the hard-packed path to meet him. He wore the black sweat shirt with the patched elbow. She recognized the slim beige envelope in Ben's hand. Gary's stationery. She felt no thrill of anticipation over what the letter might say. She had discovered the things of value to her.

When Ben handed her the envelope, she crumpled it into her pocket. She smiled and held out her hand to Ben. This morning she waited only for him.



PHOTO CREDITS

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Daily Bible Readings

Hope for Maturity

July

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
1	Psalm	1:1-6
<i>Man's Immaturity</i>		
2 Sunday .	Genesis	25:24-34
3	Genesis	37:1-11
4	Exodus	5:10-17
5	Judges	16:6-20
6	1 Samuel	18:5-12
7	Jonah	3:10-4:11
8	Mark	14:26-38

Godly Wisdom

9 Sunday .	1 Kings	3:7-14
10	Job	28:12-28
11	Psalm	37:30-40
12	Proverbs	1:2-9
13	Proverbs	3:1-10
14	1 Corinthians	1:17-25
15	1 Corinthians	3:18-23

The Measure of Christ

16 Sunday .	Romans	12:1-3
17	Ephesians	4:11-16
18	Galatians	5:16-26
19	Philippians	2:5-13
20	Philippians	3:8-14
21	Colossians	3:1-11
22	1 Peter	2:21-25

Marks of Christian Maturity

23 Sunday .	Matthew	5:43-48
24	Romans	12:9-18
25	1 Corinthians	13:1-13
26	Ephesians	4:17-32
27	Philippians	4:5-13
28	Hebrews	6:9-12
29	Hebrews	10:23-39
30 Sunday .	Ephesians	6:10-18
31	1 Thessalonians	5:14-22

The Famous Fourth

By Agnes W. Thomas

EVERYBODY in America knows why July 4, 1776, is such a famous date in our history, but how many are aware of the amazing number of important events which subsequently occurred on that same day?

It was on July 4, 1777, that the American flag was first displayed on a man-of-war vessel. This exciting event took place in Portsmouth Harbor, New Hampshire.

On the same date in 1778, Aaron Burr was appointed Chief of the Colonial Secret Service.

To protect our domestic industry, tariffs were first imposed on imports on July 4, 1781.

On this date in 1801, Thomas Jefferson became the first President to initiate the custom of shaking hands with guests at the reception. Until then custom required the President merely to bow stiffly on such occasions. It was on this same date that Jefferson first reviewed his military troops from the White House.

Some important transportation improvements took place on July 4. In 1817, the Erie Canal was begun, and on the same date in 1823,

we have records of the first passenger service on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Three years later to the day, the first locomotive with six and eight driving wheels was introduced.

On July 4, 1832, "America" was sung for the first time in public. President Polk laid the cornerstone of the Washington Monument in Washington, D. C., on July 4, 1848.

The Pacific Railroad, the first railroad to run west of the Mississippi River, broke ground on July 4, 1851. The Socialist Party was also organized on this date in 1847.

A new kind of entertainment was introduced on July 4, 1883, when the first Wild West Show was staged in North Platte, Nebraska. Still another kind of amusement was the first bullfight in Dodge City, Kansas, on July 4, 1884. Four years later, on July 4, the first rodeo competition was held in Prescott, Arizona.

SOME important communication systems were completed on July 4. On this date in 1903, the first cable across the Pacific Ocean between Honolulu, Midway, Guam, and Manila opened with an official message. Also on July 4, 1917, the first radio-telephone communication took place between ground and airplane.

Some other interesting events which took place on July 4, were: New York abolished slavery, 1827; Texas voted for annexation, 1845; Governor-General of Philippines appointed, 1901; Philippines obtained independence, 1946.

It was on July 4, 1863, at Vicksburg, that General John C. Pemberton surrendered the Confederate Army to General Grant. It was significant that such an event should take place on the anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence!

Several famous people were born on the Fourth: George Washington Adams, 1801, and John Adams, 1803 (sons of John Quincy Adams); Stephen Foster, 1826; President Calvin Coolidge, 1872; Louis Armstrong, 1900; and Mitch Miller, 1911.

Likewise, several famous people died on the Fourth: President Thomas Jefferson, and President John Adams, 1826; President James Monroe, 1831; and Lincoln's first Vice President, Hannibal Hamlin, 1891.

July 4 has been a central date in the history of our country. Let us hope that before the 200th anniversary of the 1776 signing of the Declaration of Independence, our country and the world at large may sign a universal Declaration of Permanent Peace! ■ ■

Happy Birthday to the WAVE'S!

By Irene Murray

WHEN approximately 6,600 WAVE's celebrate their thirtieth anniversary on July 30, the U.S. Navy Recruit Training Command (Women) will be in its new location at the Naval Training Center, Orlando, Florida.

The Women Accepted for Volunteer Emergency Service came into being on July 30, 1942, through a bill authorizing a Women's Reserve as part of the U.S. Naval Reserve. During World War II they served in Hawaii as well as continental United States. Following the war in 1948, PL-625 was passed by Congress and signed by President Harry S. Truman to authorize the WAVE's to become a part of the U. S. Navy. Dedicated service has been performed by both officers and enlisted women.

The Navy Nurse Corps was established in 1908. In March, 1917, the "Yeomanette" program was inaugurated, providing more than 11,000 women during World War I. They had all been released from active duty by July 31, 1919.

On August 4, 1942, Mildred H. McAfee, president-on-leave from Wellesley College, was sworn in as the first director of the WAVE's. Sixteen training schools were established for enlisted women during the first year. Officers were trained at the Naval Reserve Midshipmen's School. At the peak, more than 86,000 women were on active duty. Lieutenant Commander Mildred McAfee Horton was promoted to the rank of captain.

Captain Robin L. Quigley, USN, is the present Assistant Chief of

Information and pictures supplied by Josephine C. Gerardi, Coordinator, Defense Women's News Activities, DDI, Office of the Assistant Secretary of Defense, Washington, D.C. 20301



In flight, Photographer's Mate 2/c Maja E. Young adjusts the viewfinder on her 4 x 5 Technica Aerial Camera during a photographic mission in an SH-3A Sea King helicopter over the San Diego area. Hers is a demanding and interesting job.



LTJG Virginia C. Mullen carries on her duties as a Maintenance Programmer at the CinC Atlantic Fleet Compound, Norfolk, Virginia.

Hospitalman Barbara Little measures an officer's blood pressure at NAS, North Island, California.



Photog. Mate 2/c Wendy P. Gellert prepares an album for CAPT Robin L. Quigley after her No. Island tour.





Tradevman 3/c R. A. Johnson operates an instructor's console at the Fleet Air Electronics Training Unit, NAS, North Island, California.

Air Controlman Diane Paddin speaks into the microphone as she works in the tower at NAS, Norfolk, Va.

Data Processing Technician 2/c W. Sartain rewinds tapes on an accounting machine at No. Island.





WAVE Photographer D. Ryan doing color enlarging, another specialty which requires considerable skill.

Navy Personnel for Women and Director of the WAVE's. She was commissioned an Ensign in March, 1954, and has served in interesting assignments both in the United States and France. In January, 1971, she became the eighth director of the Women Accepted for Volunteer Emergency Service. She has been awarded the Navy Commendation

Medal and the Joint Service Commendation Medal.

After World War II most of the women had been discharged or released from active duty. During the war, however, women had proved their value and the Navy was reluctant to give up its programs for women. On March 27, 1946, the Navy asked Congress to authorize



Hospitalman Olivia Marie Dunn poses beneath a palm tree on the grounds of the Balboa Naval Hospital, San Diego, California.

enlistment and appointment of women into the Regular Navy and Naval Reserve. The Women's Armed Services Integration Act became law on June 12, 1948. On July 7, 1948, the first enlisted women were sworn in.

Many WAVE reservists were recalled during the Korean Conflict (1950-53), and again during the

1960's. Presently, officers can be assigned to Australia, Belgium, Bermuda, Canada, the Canal Zone, Europe, the Far East, Italy, Puerto Rico, and Spain. Enlisted women can be assigned to Bermuda, England, Germany, Portugal, Sicily, Spain — and with their husbands to Guam, Iceland, or the Marianas.

In 1951 the WAVE Recruit Train-



Wave Detachment from the Naval Operating Base, Norfolk, marching in the Oyster Bowl parade.

ing Center was transferred from Great Lakes to Bainbridge, Maryland.

TO QUALIFY as an officer, a woman must be a citizen, at least 20 and not more than 27 ½, a college graduate, of good character and background, able to meet the Navy physical, moral, and mental standards, single or married.

Officers are trained at the U.S. Naval Women Officers School, Newport, Rhode Island. The school is

divided into an 8-week officer candidate orientation phase, followed by eight weeks of commissioned officer indoctrination. Qualified college undergraduates may apply for the officer program during their junior year and, after successful completion of the 8-week officer candidate course and receipt of baccalaureate degree, they are eligible to apply for a commission. Postgraduate education is available to women in many fields.

To qualify as an enlisted woman,



SECNAV John H. Chafee congratulates CDR Robin L. Quigley (LC) on her appointment as the new Director of the WAVE's and her promotion to CAPTAIN. CAPT Rita Lenihan (RC), out-going WAVE Director, and ADM Elmo R. Zumwalt, Jr. CNO, look on.

one must be at least 18 and not over 26, a high school graduate, of good character, meet Navy physical, mental, and moral standards, and unmarried.

Enlisted women will be trained at the new school at Orlando, Florida, during a 10-week course. Specialized training may be received at the regular Navy schools.

Women officers may serve in many fields including Intelligence, Public Relations, Legislative Liaison, Personnel Management and Planning, Merchandising, Finance, Logistics, etc.

Enlisted women share in a number of interesting assignments, in-

cluding Dental Technician, Journalist, Photographer's Mate, Air Controlman, Storekeeper, Draftsman, Data Systems Technician, etc.

The WAVE's, along with Navy-men, are assigned to duties ashore in support of the Navy's peacekeeping mission. We are grateful for the role they have played in supporting peace and stability in the world since World War II.

As they commemorate thirty years of service to their country, they can look back on a past filled with changes and they can look forward to a future which will see many, many more changes. Best wishes!



We Have This Heritage

By I. Carroll Starling, Jr.

LET'S BEGIN by being honest about the Fourth of July: for so many of us it has become just another long weekend. Maybe it's the pace, maybe it's our changing values, or the endless attractions and distractions of our time; for whatever reason, July Fourth is characterized by a bland forgetfulness, one which prompts the question "Why remember? Is there really anything to it?"

We could go the old "castor oil route" in making a case for Independence Day — we could say "Look, it's no fun, nobody has ever liked it, but if you take it you will feel better." That, of course, is the simplest and the shallowest ap-

proach to the issue. It implies that the observance should be maintained as one of those things people do without any reason.

I want to suggest that a dialogue of sorts goes on between the countless rows of white stones in our national cemeteries and this present generation of Americans. It is a dialogue in which we, the living, participate every time we confront a national problem, pass new legislation, evaluate our foreign policy, or choose a leader. As for those who have died in defense of their country, they participate by reminding us of the heritage upon which we draw as we make today's decisions. Their graves are vivid reminders

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that our heritage has been tested time and again in the crucible of experience.

The heritage is not one of grandeur and glory, in fact it's a modest unassuming sort of thing. It is not a complicated heritage, either. One of our major historical documents says "*We hold these truths to be self-evident. . . .*" We are beginning with the kind of things that anyone with sense enough to come in out of the rain knows. . . . If you read the dates on some of the older tombstones you will find that we have been holding onto self-evident truths for about 195 years. Ralph Graves of *Life Magazine* said, "We may be a young country, but we are old truth holders."

Certain obvious things follow from the holding of self-evident truths. In particular, three rather tough-minded principles come down to us and constitute our heritage. We didn't make these things up, nor do we think the way we do because of some inspired monologue we have held with ourselves. They come to us through our dialogue with our past.

I want to state these principles simply and to offer them to you as your inheritance from those who lived and died to defend them. They are: (1) Guard against greed, (2) Think in terms of transiency, and (3) Face up to Freedom.

The Greed for Power

From the beginning, Americans have been skeptical of large concentrations of power. An old adage says, "Power corrupts, and absolute

power corrupts absolutely." In terms of pure logic it seems strange that men should be willing to die for a country in which the President could be kept from making policy by a court, and a congress could be kept from passing laws by a President, and citizens could grow angry and throw both out of office at the next election. Even today, there is no simple answer to the question, "Who runs this country?" Winston Churchill once said, "Democracy is the worst form of government except for all the others." We remain committed to the division of power. Someone may come along promising to solve all the problems, but Americans will never vote him all the power; that would be too dangerous for freedom. James Madison put it this way:

If men were angels, no government would be necessary. If angels were to govern men, neither external nor internal controls would be necessary. In framing a government which is to be administered by men over men, the great difficulty lies in this: you must first enable the government to control the governed; and in the next place oblige it to control itself.

Consistently through the years Americans have elected to "muddle through" together rather than to give up their freedoms in return for quick solutions. This, then, is the first theme of our heritage: guard against greed.

Power and Glory Are Transient

Secondly, we are admonished to

think in terms of transiency. Every arrangement, political or social, bears the very human stamp of transiency, is less than perfect, and should always be accepted as such. Utopian claims or programs never really captured the imagination of the average American citizen. And if you remember how you reasoned the last time you went to the polls, you will probably admit that you didn't vote for the man who you thought would usher in a new golden age. Perhaps we do it unconsciously, but most of us compare the candidates and say, "I don't think he'll be as bad as the other guy," as we pull the lever.

There's nothing cynical in this approach. When we elect men who are going to serve us by putting their energies to work on the problems of society, we must not invest them with superhuman qualities. There will always be an *open-endedness* about our common life.

I once had a friend, a medical doctor down in Georgia, who treated people for nervous conditions. I will always remember his advice: "In this life," he would say, "you ain't ever going to get all the possums up one tree." This insight translated into political terms, comes down from those who went before us — it is our heritage to *think in terms of transiency.*

Face Up to Your Freedom

The third part of the heritage which we have has to do with the nature and origin of freedom. John F. Kennedy said it best in his inaugural address: "The rights of man

come not from the generosity of the state but from the hand of God." This tenet was dear to our forefathers. What it means, quite simply, is that future is utterly and distinctively your own. The government has no grand designs on its citizens. It's the old self-evident truth, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness — you can do as you please. The heritage which comes down to us urges us to *face up to our freedom* and to live lives that are worthy of it.

At the present moment, when we ask the vital question, "What do we do?", the voice of our heritage tells us that we must decide. The past does not have the answer; the question is uniquely ours. It is the same dilemma Lincoln faced in 1861 when he addressed the congress:

Fellow citizens, we cannot escape history. We of this congress and this administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves, no personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trials through which we pass will light us down in honor or dishonor to the latest generation. We, even we here, hold the power and bear the responsibility.

It is a fine gesture to go to the cemetery with flowers, and to watch parades, but the heritage is not in the cemetery, it is right here, where we live. Why do we remember? Because every day of our lives the burden of our heritage stares us in the face and reminds us that we must accept responsibility for the kind of America we are fashioning today.

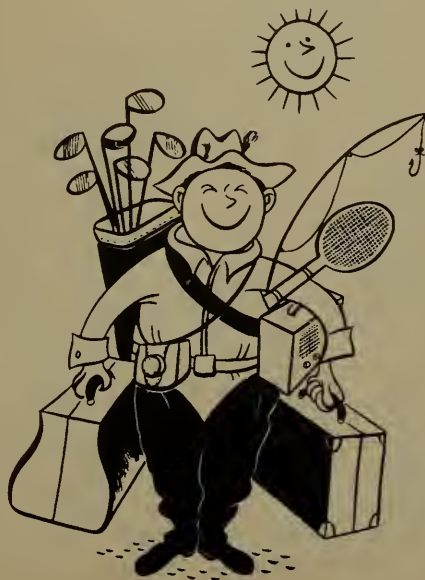
I do not want to exalt America above the other nations of the world; but it implies no disrespect toward others to acknowledge that our heritage has a priceless about it. St. Paul's words to the Galatians have meaning for us: "For you were called to freedom brethren." There is no question about that. What is at issue is the *content* of that freedom: Will free-

dom be safeguarded as we practice a genuine kind of love for each other, or will freedom become the occasion for biting and devouring one another. Who can say? What *can* be said, and said in tones almost prophetic, is that we are now living the answer by the way we give content to that freedom which is our heritage.

Discussion Helps

Biblical Material: Hebrews 11, 12; Ecclesiasticus 44

1. What are the advantages and disadvantages of having political power centralized? Decentralized?
2. What does the author mean when he speaks of "open-endedness" in American political life?
3. What qualities does it take to live up to the obligation of freedom? Where do such qualities come from?



Two brothers — so very different — complement each other

The Way It Is

By Dan Ross

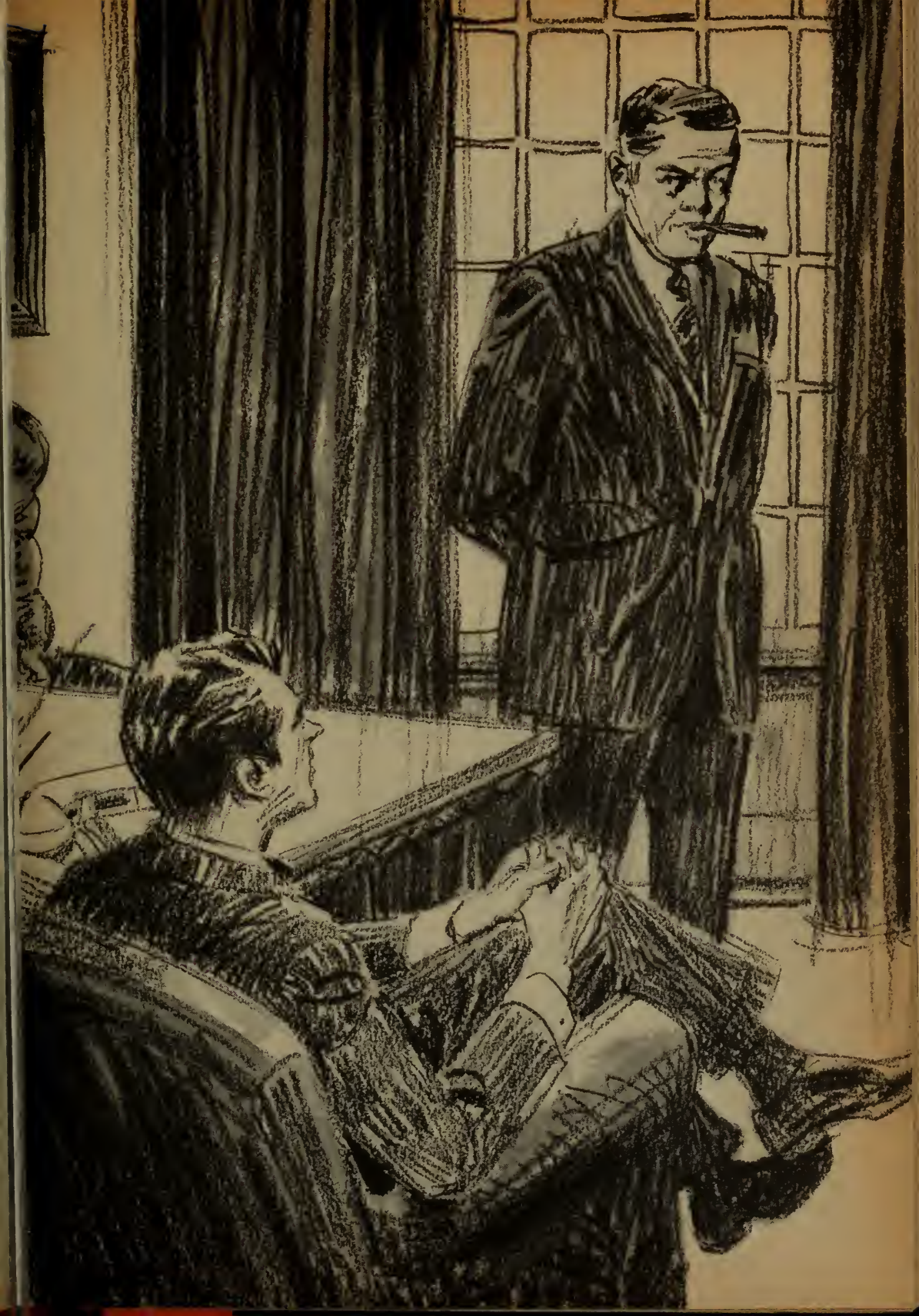
THEY WERE brothers, but they weren't anything alike. Everyone said that. And for once everyone had it right. Bill Taylor took a deep puff on his newly-lit cigarette as he stared up at the Hillman Building across the street. The skyscraper seemed to reach to infinity and up there near the top was his brother Matt's office. Matt had to be near the top of everything. He was that kind of guy.

Bill's pleasant, slightly angular features took on an ironical smile. He didn't rate in Matt's class and he knew it. Sure, he was a good accountant, but there was a world of difference between a stolid C.P.A. with a home and family in a modest Long Island suburb and the wheeler-dealer Matt Taylor with his world-wide business interests, a

home in Westchester, another in Nassau, and a winter place on the Riviera. Not to mention his three former wives and the present Mrs. Matt Taylor, a former film beauty.

Right now he was due for his quarterly meeting with Matt in the latter's office. He didn't know why. They had nothing much in common any more except memories of their upstate home and parents who'd died some years ago. Perhaps that was enough, although Bill doubted it. Otherwise, why would he feel so uneasy? Put off seeing his brother until the last minute?

He glanced at his watch. It was ten past twelve and Matt would be waiting for him. His successful younger brother was a nut about punctuality. Probably one of his success secrets, Bill mused with a



sigh as he removed the almost unsmoked cigarette from his lips and tossed it to the pavement to be crushed under his heel. He waited for the light to change, hurried across with the crowd, and entered the spacious, marble-walled lobby.

An elevator whisked him to the twenty-second floor of the building, and the receptionist in the lobby directed him to the corridor leading to Matt's office. When he entered his brother's suite, the well-groomed secretary recognized him at once.

"Mr. Taylor is waiting for you," she said, rising with a friendly smile. "He was beginning to think that you might have forgotten."

Bill nodded. "Traffic was heavy," he mumbled as a halfhearted excuse for his tardiness.

When she opened the door he saw Matt standing by the window staring out moodily. His brother turned on hearing him enter and came forward with an outstretched hand to greet him.

"Thought you might have let it slip your mind," he said, giving Bill a hearty handshake and waving him to a chair. "It upset me a little. I wouldn't want us to miss these get-togethers."

Bill smiled up at him as he took the offered chair. "I guess you'd manage without me."

Matt gave him a sharp, reproachful glance. "I don't know! I just don't know about that. Any way you look at it that was a pretty sour remark."

"Sorry," Bill apologized, seeing that his brother was really upset by what he'd said. "I only meant that

you're busy. You're the big wheel with so much to do. I wonder you can spare the time for me."

"Don't talk crazy!" Matt said brusquely. He'd always been direct and sharp even as a boy. "I'm going to have lunch sent up here. Save time. Open steak sandwiches. Okay?"

Bill smiled. "You're the gourmet. I enjoy anything."

Matt gave him a distasteful look that indicated the conversation wasn't too pleasing to him. Then he made another attempt at small talk: "How are Rose and the kids?"

"Couldn't be better," Bill smiled again. He made a small gesture. "Rose has been putting on weight so she's on a strict diet."

MATT was standing with a scowl on his rather florid face. Bill knew he hadn't bothered to listen to his reply. Instead Matt said: "Jane is leaving me. We're getting a divorce."

It was Bill's turn to show concern. "I'm sorry. Too bad!"

His brother raised a hand. "Don't get any gray hairs about it! I'll make out! There's someone else waiting and ready to take her place. Maybe a bit anxious!"

Bill counted mentally. That would make it Matt's fifth wife. He said, "You certain it's something that can't be settled between you? Divorce doesn't seem to have solved your problems before."

Matt shrugged. "She wants a divorce. So do I." He looked directly at his brother. "How long have you and Rose been married?"

"Twelve years."

"Congratulations!" Matt said sincerely. "You've got something to be thankful for."

Bill smiled wryly. "I think so. But then I couldn't have afforded changing my mind as often as you."

"There's more to it than that," Matt said darkly. "It has nothing to do with money. It's the kind of life I live." He paused. "You know what I am? I'm a crazy gambler!"

"That's an over-simplification, isn't it?"

Matt shook his head. "You've got a job and a profession if you lose it. Me, I'm just a guy who sets up deals. Up to now the deals have paid off. But maybe one of these days they won't. Then where will I be?"

Bill found it hard to get concerned about his brother's financial life. He said, "I have an idea you'll manage."

"Maybe," Matt said grimly. "And maybe some day I'll come into this building and even the elevator starter won't speak to me because he'll know he has a new boss."

"So you want me to bleed for you?" Bill asked mockingly.

"I want you to feel like a brother should," Matt said in a thick outraged voice. "You act as if you hoped I would fall on my face."

Bill felt himself growing angry and was about to voice the opinion these occasional meetings were a mistake. That they should forget about them in the future and each go their separate ways. But the waiter arrived with their luncheon and for a time this took all their attention.

The food was good and little was said between them until they had finished the meal.

After the table was wheeled out Matt sat behind his desk and offered Bill a cigar, then took one himself. With the cigars lit and a feeling of relaxation settling on the room, Bill found himself more at ease.

Matt smiled at him. "Still the same steady old commuter, eh, kid?"

It was typical of his flip, younger brother to address him this way. He returned the smile. "As Mr. Normal as they come," he agreed. "They made millions like me from the same mold."

"Bless you all," was Matt's reply. "Where would guys like me be without you?"

"So we do serve a purpose," Bill said. "I'm glad to hear that."

Matt studied his cigar. "You know there's many a time when it does me good to think of you. To know I've got a brother who's normal as apple pie. To picture you and your family out in that place in Long Island. Sort of balances all my crazy deals to know you're there and not going to change." He paused. "I guess that's why I like to have these get-togethers every once in awhile."

Bill laughed. "So that's the answer! I've often wondered why I was invited and why I came. Maybe it's because a little of your glamor washes off on me and I need it now and then. Makes me important at the office to have Matt Taylor as my brother. Rose is impressed by you, too."

Matt looked pleased. "Don't ever tell her the truth about me," he

joked.

"Not so long as you hold your tongue about me," Bill said. He rose, knowing it was time to go. "Take care!" he said.

Matt nodded and got up and came around the desk to put an arm around him. "You do the same. Miss Clair will call and arrange our next lunch." And he walked with him to the door.

Bill gave a deep sigh of relief as

the elevator started down. It was over for another three months. But maybe Matt was right. He usually was. These meetings did them both good. Somehow his completely ordinary personality gave Matt a sense of balance, a feeling of belonging that he seemed to need. And as for himself, it was good to meet Matt face to face every so often. He found it impossible to feel any envy of him.



"When I say the world ends Tuesday, by George it *ends Tuesday!*"

Two Choices-One God

By Mariana L. Brierton

TWO MEN came home from Vietnam. Both were wounded in action, and both became totally blind as the result of their injuries. They also faced the same choice. For one, it was simply to collect his disability pay, limit the boundaries of his world to one room, and to drink. Able to find solace only in a bottle, he slowly and surely evades any attempt to face reality and is becoming an alcoholic.

The second man makes a choice, too. He goes out unaided in his now darkened world, hardening himself against fear, struggling to meet the challenges that his circumstances present. Constantly testing himself, as well as being involved in all his

family's activities, he is also helping another man in his community who is going blind. By trying to teach this older gentleman mobility, he is passing on the help received at a Veteran's Hospital while gaining a lot of satisfaction in being "teacher." He goes to college, too, and has specific plans for how he will put his degree to work in the future.

Two men: alike in their physical handicap, very different in the way they choose to react and in what they determine to make of their lives. The first man is certainly not to be condemned, but rather, pitied as he lives with his choice. His sorrow and frustration over his tragic

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circumstances have taken away all hope. His will to try and his faith are gone. The second man has the same disappointments and discouragement over what life has dealt to him. Nevertheless, he decides to fight back — whenever, wherever, and however he is able. If he has to laugh at himself, he will. If he can help someone else in their own terrifying struggle with days that are “always night,” he does. If things pile upon him to the breaking point, he spends some time alone, fighting his own private battle with depression. And most of all, he maintains his faith in God. He believes there is a reason, believes good can and will come from his situation. Believing — always!

There can never be pity for such a man; only the deepest admiration. Call it what you like; his fortitude, his tenacious battle in adjusting to his blindness, his magnificent courage, or his hang-on, hang-in guts. He’s quite a man, no matter how else you wish to describe him. All because he made a great choice. He made God’s choice for his life.

Light in Darkness

Christ said in Matthew 6:22 KJV, “The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.” This statement seems to apply quite poignantly to these two men. The first, in concentrating so completely on his sightlessness, can truly find no “light” anywhere in his world. There remains no possible source of help, no consolation, because he has shut tight the door of heart, mind,

and spirit. The other, whose existence in the “permanent night” is equally black, refuses to accept it as the end for himself. He instead finds strength to live both a useful and loving life each day. And for one obvious reason. He can still say, “Lord, I believe.” Which man is really blind? Which one can truly see?

This man who so gallantly “fights the good fight of faith” each day, and everyone who does the same, knows well the depth of “Lord, I believe.” Not lip service to a surface belief or creed, not just when things are going my way, not only when rainbows are arching across one’s personal sky. This is the belief born with pain, the faith which has agonized in dark and weary valleys, the tenacity to live in him who is Lord of all life. It is to exclaim with that hard-bitten, boil-covered old fighter, Job: “Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him” (13: 15 KJV).

The time of testing invariably comes in each person’s spiritual journey, one has nothing left to cling to. Nothing, that is, except the belief we have here been expressing. Then we find out, and so very quickly, where the heart has hidden its treasure, on whom our faith is really founded.

From the most vital to the mundane, there is always a choice to be made. The iron in our souls becomes finely tempered steel, or it slowly erodes away. So with the two men. One faces life on its hard terms, but is never alone or helpless or without hope. The other, in shutting out all

but his own awful darkness, has also shut out God — his only chance for light and comfort, for meaning and purpose. His only chance.

Choose Life!

Every day, even to the smallest detail of our lives, we can and do choose. Either we ask God to guide us and be our total answer, or we decide to "run our own show." But oh how quickly fails that "superior" strength and intellect on which we so greatly depended. But when we leave Him out of our lives, how quickly that . . . etc. . . . fails! Christ has told us quite clearly that

"he who is not with me is against me." Is it understandable that anyone with even a small comprehension of his sufferings for us would want to be against him? Yet, too often we are! Perhaps not willfully or hatefully, but in apathy and neglect, in putting off until another time the opportunity to meet him in that communion of the soul which looks up to say, "My Lord and my God."

I see clearly what the choice of Christ in every hour and in every day has meant to the lives of two blind veterans: the difference between the heights of heaven and the depths of hell.

Discussion Helps

Biblical Material: Job 3:1-26; 29-31; 40-42.

1. Is bitterness in any way productive or creative? What are some of its by-products (a) in the present, and (b) for the future?
2. How can one mitigate the consequences of the past? Does it involve more than merely "accentuating the positive"?
3. Is there a connection between being able to retain mastery over one's self in adversity (as, for example, in the case of Job) and a religious faith?

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Lyrics by Hammerstein

By L. Perry Wilbur

I GIVE him a lyric and get out of his way," said Oscar Hammerstein II, regarding his partnership with Richard Rogers. To call Hammerstein's words of haunting beauty and deep wisdom just lyrics seems inaccurate. They are gems; romantic jewels of starlight that go straight to your heart. He communicated. His beautiful songs are the rich heritage and treasures he left us.

Hammerstein was a romantic optimist who believed completely in love's lasting magic. He lifted high that magic through his skillfully simple lyrics. As he often admitted: "I just can't write anything without hope in it."

He knew what entertainment was — something that gives you a lift, that makes you happy. He was much like Walt Disney in this regard.

After a Disney film, or a Hammerstein song, you know you've been entertained. Much of today's entertainment seems to center around dragging you through the gutter.

Hammerstein was quality. He had integrity of character. Most people have an angle — they want something from you in return for their love. He didn't. He took everything that came his way with a calmness and refused to ask from life more than he was willing to give to it.

And he gave much. Nearly 1,000 songs in forty-six shows flowed from his pen. Such all-time great numbers as "The Last Time I Saw Paris," "Some Enchanted Evening," all the songs from "Oklahoma," "South Pacific," "The Sound of Music," and many others are the vivid evidence of his creative genius.

Oscar Hammerstein II



In the last days of his life, Hammerstein told his family: "I'm sixty-five and I've had a very full life. I'm grateful for the good fortune I've had, for the work I've been able to do, for my family and many friends. I have absolutely no regrets and no complaints." His total lack of fear was beautiful to see.

THIS gifted man of words and music had a realistic philosophy. He believed that problems and difficulties must be faced head on and overcome. Running away from them is not the answer. Like the brave young Dutch girl, Anne Frank, who hid from the Germans for two years to be finally captured — yet still believed in the basic goodness of people. Hammerstein believed that in the long run, good does triumph over evil. He saw the bad and the tragic in the world, but felt the urge to "keep saying there are beautiful meadows bathed in sunshine." Somebody has to say that, he felt, "Because it's just as true."

How did he work out his deceptively simple and delightful lyrics? He did it by working hard — sometimes from three to six weeks on a simple lyric. He liked to stand while working on a lyric. The main reason he worked so hard on his songs and shows was simply because he wanted every song, every show, to be a smash.

Hammerstein was more than a skilled craftsman. He was a poet — an artist who knew how to paint vivid word pictures. His unforgettable lyrics always leave you with the strong feeling that they are special.

Their continuing popularity with the public proves they are.

A long-time official of ASCAP, (American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers) he joined in the ASCAP fight because he felt that the lesser known, struggling songwriter needed an effective organization to protect his work and prevent it from being used and performed without payment.

WHEN he knew that his life was nearly over, he reacted with strength. He had already developed an attitude toward death: "I receive the shock, take it and sort of resist it as an enemy. I get stubborn about it and say, 'This is not going to lick me.'" In very much the same way, he didn't let his approaching death defeat him, and he tried his best to keep it from defeating anybody else.

Though this brave, talented creator of matchless lyrics did not want to be mourned, he did very much want to be remembered. Every time you and I hear one of his many marvelous songs, he is indeed remembered. He lives on stronger than ever in his rich heritage of memorable song lyrics. The sound of music is a happier, more hopeful sound, because this gentle man passed our way. Hammerstein communicated. His name will forever stand for quality and for that special kind of magic that delights and uplifts the human spirit. ■ ■

The recipe for good speech includes some shortening. —Gene Yasenak

On Backward Moves

By Leon J. Putnam

WHILE reading in his Australian parsonage at the turn of the century, F. W. Boreham relates how he heard the voices of children playing a game nearby. He heard one of them shout: "You can't do that. You can't move backwards. The rules don't allow it. There are no backward moves!"

It was one of the rules of a game. Might it not also be a rule of life: there are no backward moves? In reflecting on this possibility the rule appears to contain a truth, but only a half-truth. Both aspects might be worth exploring in terms of our religious perspective on life.

The truth of the statement is obvious. Life goes on and we can't literally turn our clocks back and recapture the past. Yesterday *is* gone in a very important sense: physically, biologically, temporally, and historically. The poet may yearn to return to former times, and something within us appreciates the desire and awakens a powerful response to his lines: "Turn backward, turn backward, O time in thy flight; And make me a child again, just for tonight." But others remind us of the futility of the task. Omar Khayyam's words haunt our present moments of decision:

The Moving Finger writes and having writ moves on:
Nor all your piety nor wit—
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

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Lest we seek to revive our past
in our children Kahlil Gibran cau-

tions us in realistic, sober language:

Your children are not your children,
They are the sons and daughters of life's
longing for itself.
They come through you but not from you . . .
You may strive to be like them,
but seek not to make them like you.
For life goes not backward
nor tarries with yesterday.

We can, of course, revisit scenes of our childhood and see again our earlier schools and homes and secret haunts. But time has passed and nothing is quite the same, for we have changed and now see these former places through the perspective of subsequent years. In human life there are no "time tunnels," no "you are there" experiences, which can transport us precisely back into an earlier age.

This idea is also inherent in Christ's teaching. On occasion he suggested the need to look ahead and not behind: "No one who puts his hand to the plow and looks back is fit for the kingdom of God" (Luke 9:62). One especially recalls that strange occurrence at the end of the ninth chapter of Luke when a man informed Jesus that he wanted to follow him but first had to bury his father, and Jesus responds: "Leave the dead to bury their own dead." It's a verse which has puzzled some since it appears harsh, and yet it captures the idea that we can't return to the past — that there is danger in our being absorbed in this futile task. Ralph Sockman used to paraphrase the verse: "Let the

dead past bury itself."

A Half-Truth

Let us turn to what is of more significance, namely that the rule about no backward moves is in fact a half-truth. This is so because human beings carry with them not only what is happening now, but also what has happened in the past. The analogy with a game breaks down here, for we are not simply checkers or chessmen moving about a board, but rather bear within us overtones of what has happened in the past. "Our deeds still travel with us from afar — and what we have been makes us what we are." This might seem a joyous thought to some, and yet it can make one terribly uneasy, for while we bear the scars of the past physically, we also bear emotional and spiritual ones. If we have overweight bodies because we have indulged excessively in food, it is likewise true that we can have overweight souls and overburdened hearts and bear internal spiritual scars from our past experiences.

Traditionally, Christianity refers to this in terms of sin and guilt. We

can't meditate very long on what we are today without having some awareness of what we have failed to be in the past.

Being human, we all share in feelings of guilt. Tom Oden has recently commented that we wouldn't want to return to yesterday and make a backward move in the physical sense because if we could succeed in doing so we would have destroyed what is most precious to us, our own freedom, responsibility, and, he argues, the very meaning of life itself. If we could revisit, revise, and reform the past, then we needn't worry now about conscience or temptation or responsibility, since the consequences of our acts could always be revised at a future time. This awareness of the potentiality of guilt is therefore essential to our being human.

In every choice or decision we make we choose one option and omit others. To choose one course of action means we cannot choose others. None of us could possibly achieve all of the good we can imagine. This is a tragic aspect of life: we can agree upon many of its values but once our choices are made, then other possible options become moot. Anyone caught in the dilemma of having to choose between nearly equal goods knows the immense burden of the experience. So, these echoes of passed-over possibilities from our past are with us. We realize that in the way we have lived, making some choices and rejecting others, we bear a sense of uneasiness with ourselves.

The word "guilt" comes from a

word meaning "debt." We think especially of a debt to God, yet also of a debt to ourselves. We sense a gap, a separation, between what we have done and what we ought to have done. It also suggests, in the Greek root, a loss of balance, a sense of falling — a falling from self-esteem or in the sight of others.

Restoration of Relationship

We deal here with the heart of religious experience. Words like "repentance," "return," "reunion," "resurrection," "renewal," and "redemption" all imply a going back while at the same time going forward, a looking ahead and an ability to live with oneself in spite of the past. Indeed, all these words refer to the same essential experience: the restoration of a relationship which has been broken — with oneself, with others, with God.

A clue to the problem of guilt lies in recognizing that we are asked to be transformed spiritually in our present inner selves. What has to change is the inner attitude and inner perspective.

At this point the New Testament imagery is helpful. Christ tells Nicodemus that he must be born again. Nicodemus is puzzled by the remark and asks, "Can I return to my mother's womb?" How, he wonders, could he be born again? But Christ responds that the birth he has in mind is one of the spirit and not of the flesh, a birth of the inner man.

In the familiar story of the Prodigal Son we find this same experience of going back while going ahead. The young man had returned to his

home, and one may suppose it retained many of its familiar features. Yet there was something essentially different, for the son had come "unto himself." Christ stressed our need to accept ourselves in spite of what we have done or not done.

Self-Acceptance

These stories suggest that we can only accept ourselves when we become aware that God accepts us — and our past! God accepts us *as we are* for *what we are*, and in that awareness we can accept our own past and look creatively toward the future.

Paul Tillich used to sum up Christianity in a phrase: "Accept the fact that you are accepted, though you are unacceptable." If in our personal experience we have been accepted

by another at a moment when we felt most worthless then we have captured a glimpse of what the pardon, the acceptance, the forgiveness of God means.

Paul expressed himself in his timeless words:

No one can pride himself upon earning the love of God. The fact is that what we are we owe to the hand of God upon us. We are born afresh in Christ, and born to do those good deeds which Christ planned for us to do (Ephesians 2:8-10 Phillips).

What we seek in human life is not a backward move, but rather the solid, empowering assurance that God is ever present in *all* the moves we ever make — past, present, and future.

Discussion Helps

Biblical Material: Lk. 9:51-62; Matt. 8:22; 1 John 4

1. The author makes the point that our actions are "indelible" and that time's flow is irreversible. Have you ever done anything you wished you could undo, said anything you wished you could "unsay"?
2. We live in the present, surrounded by the past and the future; what imparts direction to our movement through life?
3. Have you ever tried to "go back," to recreate an earlier phase of your life? What was your experience? Did it work? What are the neighborhood and the house in which you grew up like now?
4. Is a knowledge of history really important? Why?

A boy often needs help in building his world larger. He must not only learn to live in a large world; he must relate himself to, be sensitive toward, and be conscious of the many faceted world of which he is a part. He must be alive and alert to the resources and influences around him.

—Walter MacPeck



Chaplains' Reunion . . . LT Don J. Eack (r) of DESRON 3 is greeted by CAPT Robert C. Fenning, CHC, USN, Senior Chaplain at the NTC, San Diego, while LCDR John F. Dumas, CHC, USN, Protestant Chaplain at North Chapel, looks on. Chaplain Dumas was Eack's chaplain in Destroyer Squadron 13 from 1960-1962 when the latter was a Quartermaster 2/c aboard the USS *Harry E. Hubbard*. It was Chaplain Dumas' influence which led Eack to enroll in the Detroit Bible College. He went on to become a chaplain and began active duty in 1971.

News in Pictures



USAFA, Colo.—Cadet Chaplain (Maj) Robert Browning joins cadets for a "brunch and dialogue" after the early Protestant service on Sunday. The Chaplain must have done his homework because his sermon gets a thorough working over at these no holds barred sessions. The cadets are keenly interested in religion.



Carlisle Barracks, Pa.—Miss Ruth Stotsenburg (1), Director of Christian Education at Carlisle Barracks, is joined in song by (l-r) Starla Thompson, Laurie Kilmer, and Mike Hogan. They accompany the Folk Singers, a group of 30 young local entertainers.

The Rev. John W. Heyward, Jr., Associate Secretary of the United Methodist Chaplaincy Commission, visits U.M. Chaplains at Wurtzburg, Germany. Pictured here (l-r) are: Chaplain (CPT) Fletcher D. Wideman, 33rd Field Hospital Chaplain; Chaplain (CPT) Roger W. Johnson, Asst. Brigade Chaplain, Schweinfurt; Chaplain (COL) Holland Hope, VII Corps, Stuttgart; Mr. Heyward; Chaplain (LTC) William L. Fowmire, Nord Bayern District; and Chaplain (MAJ) William T. Carter, Wurtzburg Support Activity Chaplain.



The Link Calendar

July 1-3	Commemorative Ceremonies for the 109th anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg, 1863.
July 1	Birthday of first U.S. Postage Stamp, July 1, 1847.
July 1-2	International Frisbee Tournament, Houghton, MI.
July 2	Second Sunday after Pentecost.
July 2-8	National Safe Boating Week.
July 4	196th Anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, a legal holiday.
July 4	Louis Armstrong's birthday. The great jazz artist, born in 1900, died on July 6, 1971.
July 6-15	Calgary Stampede, Calgary, Alberta, Canada—60th year.
July 9	Third Sunday after Pentecost.
July 9	Birthday of Elias Howe, inventor of the sewing machine, July 9, 1819-Oct. 3, 1867.
July 10-14	DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION, Miami Beach, FL. Who'll be nominated?
July 10	Total Eclipse of the Sun, visible in North America.
July 13-15	Feast of Lanterns, Buddhist Festival, Japan.
July 14	Bastille Day, commemorates capture in 1789, France.
July 14	Hans Christian Andersen Festival, Odense, Denmark.
July 16	Fourth Sunday after Pentecost.
July 16	Antique Car Festival, Hell, MI.
July 19	124th Anniversary of 1st Women's Rights Convention, held at Seneca Falls, N. Y., in 1848.
July 20	Moon Day. Third Anniversary of man's first landing on the moon.
July 20	Fast of Ab, Jewish Holy Day.
July 23	Fifth Sunday after Pentecost.
July 24	Simon Bolivar born this day in 1783. Widely kept in Latin America.
July 25-Aug. 30	Salzburg Festival, Austria, in Mozart's native city.
July 26	Partial Eclipse of the Moon, visible in North America.
July 27	First Atlantic Telegraph Cable finished this day in 1866.
July 29-Aug. 6	Cowes Yachting Week, Isle of Wight, England.
July 30	Sixth Sunday after Pentecost.
July 31	Feast of St. Ignatius of Loyola (1491-1566), Founder of the Jesuit Order.

Worth Repeating

A man's character is like a fence — it cannot be strengthened by whitewash. — *Megiddo Message*.

It's not the food in your life, but the life in your food that counts. — *Prevention Magazine*.

The difference between back-talk and rebuttal is about 15 years.

Wicked men obey from fear, good men, from love. — Aristotle

My country owes me nothing. It gave me, as it gives every boy and girl, a chance. — Herbert Hoover

The most dangerous driver is the parent who drives his child from home.

Nothing makes travel so broadening as the meals.

Anybody who thinks it's hard to move mountains never read geography examination papers.

The developing countries would like to have just one percent of America's gross national pollution. — Margaret Mead, *Science News*.

Pedestrians are rapidly vanishing from our streets, where they are seldom missed by motorists.—Harold Coffin, *Indianapolis Star*.

With as many divorces as we have nowadays, it seems that more parents are running away from home than children.

One of the biggest jobs that politicians face is getting money from taxpayers without disturbing the voters.

Everybody produces something — good, trouble, or excuses.

A fanatic is one who can't change his mind and won't change the subject.

Once upon a time demonstrators were fellows who sold vacuum cleaners.

Books Are Friendly Things

The Hiding Place, by Corrie Ten Boom, with John and Elizabeth Sherrill, 1971; Published by Chosen Books, 107 E. 38th St., New York, New York 10016; 219 pages, \$5.95, cloth.

This is a gripping personal account of Christian love at work in defiance of the Nazi occupiers of Haarlem, Holland, by a past-fifty spinster who had lived serenely with a family of watchmakers in a world which did not extend beyond her narrow brick street. Corrie Ten Boom came face to face with her convictions as her friends and neighbors began to disappear mysteriously. She transformed her crazy-angled house into a hiding place for Jews, defying Gestapo spies for months. Caught, she kept on spreading her message of love in the prison near The Hague and in the concentration camp at Ravensbruck. A "clerical error" released her a week before all women her age were taken to the gas chambers. Read this book over the Fourth and reflect upon the spiritual basis and the cost of freedom.

The Rivals, America and Russia Since World War II, by Adam B. Ulam; 1971. Published by the Vik-

ing Press, Inc., 625 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022, 405 pages, \$10.95, cloth.

A 50-year-old native of Poland who came to the U.S. in 1938, Professor Ulam is a member of the Russian Research Center at Harvard. He subjects the attitudes and behavior of the United States and the Soviet Union toward each other since 1944 to the "harsh light of realism and common sense," rather than to doctrinaire ideology. He indicts both America and Russia for their paranoia and subservience to impulse and irrationality and depicts the peril of such behavior for the rest of the globe. Though stern in his warnings to the West, Dr. Ulam is not blind to the "vast opportunities and assets enjoyed by the Western world," chief among which is the "ability of liberal democracy to endure peace." "It is Communism which suffers from insuperable internal contradictions" which makes it difficult for both the Russians and the Chinese to exist except "in a virtual state of siege." Dr. Ulam's book is a call for hard realism in the shaping of foreign policy. Take it along for your summer reading!

— E.I.S.

Prayers

O ETERNAL GOD, through whose mighty power our fathers won their liberties of old; Grant, we beseech thee, that we and all the people of this land may have grace to maintain these liberties in righteousness and peace; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

O GOD, in whose providence we were born into this land; Enable us to love our country not in word, but in very deed. May we never take comfort in pleasures that are had to the hurt of others, or live a life of privilege at the cost of others. Let us who have received most be ready to give most, knowing that to whom much is given, of them shall much be required.

INCREASE, O GOD, the spirit of neighborliness among us, that in peril we may uphold one another, in calamity serve one another, in suffering tend one another, and in homelessness, loneliness of exile befriend one another. Grant us brave and enduring hearts that we may strengthen one another, till the disciplines and testing of these days be ended, and thou dost give again peace in our time; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

MASTER of all things, who hast so ordered life that from the beginning it shall be a struggle even unto the end: So guide and order that struggle within us, that what is good may conquer and that all discordance may at last be brought into harmony.

A Driver's Prayer

GRANT me a ready hand, a watchful eye,
That none may suffer as I pass by.
Thou givest life — I pray no act of mine
May take away or mar that gift of thine.
Shield those, dear Lord, who bear me company,
From fools, and fire and calamity.
Teach me to use my car for others' need
Nor miss through lack of wit or love of speed,
The beauties of thy world — that thus I may,
With joy and courtesy go on my way.

At Ease!

The co-producers of a Broadway musical were concerned about the welfare of a sweet young thing in the chorus. "A kid that innocent could easily be taken advantage of," said the first producer. "It's up to us to protect her. We should teach her the difference between right and wrong."

"Okay" said the man's partner. "You teach her what's right."
— *Wall Street Journal*.

Ad in a newspaper: "For sale. Complete set of encyclopedias. Never used. Wife knows everything."

A young wife came home one night wearing a pair of fashionable textured stockings. "What do you think?" she asked her husband.

"Leave it alone," he said. "If it doesn't go away in a few days, we'll call a doctor."

The rich Alaskan arrived at the Florida hotel followed by several bellboys carrying skis, toboggans, sleds, and other equipment and right behind them came a brace of Alaskan huskies.

"Sir!" exclaimed the startled clerk, "this is Florida. There is no snow here!"

"I know, I know," boomed the Alaskan. "It will be along later with the rest of my luggage."

A visiting preacher asked a small boy the way to the postoffice. "Come to the Baptist church tonight and I'll give you the direction for getting to Heaven," he said in thanking the boy.

"I don't think I'll come," said the boy. "You don't even know the way to the post office." — Shelby Friedman.

"Gentlemen prefer blondes," he said. "But I'm not really a blonde," she whispered. "I don't mind, I'm not really a gentleman."

The coed said she wanted to be an airline hostess.

Coed to friend: "You meet a lot of men that way."

Friend: "Yes, but wouldn't you meet as many men doing something else?"

Coed: "Could be, but not strapped down."

1st nurse: "Why is Dr. Jones hollering 'Tetanus! Typhoid! Diphtheria!'"?

2nd nurse: "He's calling his shots!" — Shelby Friedman.



